## PART FIRST.

## The Quarry and the Beach.

CHAPTER I.

To yesterday and to today I say my polite "vaya usted con Dios." What are these days to me? But that far-off day of my romance, when from between the blue and white bales in Don Ramon's darkened store room at Kingston I saw the door open before the figure of an old man with a tired, long, white face, that day I am not likely to forget. I remember the chilly smell of the West Indian store, the smell of damp gloom, of locos, of pimento, of olive oil, of new sugar, of new rum; the glassy double sheen of Ramon's great spectacles, the piercing eyes in the mahogany face, while the tap, cap, tap of a cane on the flags went on behind the inner door; the click of the latch;

the stream of light. The door, petulantly thrust inward, struck against some barrels. I remember the rattling of the bolts on that door, and the tall figure that appeared there, snuff box in hand.

In that land of white clothes, that precise, ancient Castilian in black was something to remember. The black cane that had made the tap, tap, tap dangled by a silken cord from the hand whose delicate blue-veined, wrinkled wrist ran back into a foam of lawn ruffles. The other hand paused in the act of conveying a pinch of snuff to the nostrils of the hooked nose that had, on the skin stretched tight over the bridge, the polish of old ivory; the elbow pressing the black cocked hat against the side; the legs, one bent, the other bowing a little back—this was the attitude of Seraphina's father.

Having imperiously thrust the door of the inner room open, he remained immovable, with no intention of entering, and called in a harsh, aged voice: "Senor Ramon! Senor Ramon!" and then twice: "Seraphina-Sera-phina!" turning his head back. Then for the first time I saw Seraphina,

looking over her father's shoulder. I reher face of that day; her eyes were gray-the gray of black, not of blue. a moment they looked me straight in the face, reflectively, unconcerned, and then traveled to the spectacles of old Ramon. This glance-remember I was young on that day-had been enough to set me won-

dering what they were thinking of me; what they could have seen of me.

"But there he is—your Senor Ramon," she said to her father, as if she were chiding him for a petulance in calling; 'your sight is not very good, my poor little father there he is, your Ramon."
The warm reflection of the light behind

her, gliding the curve of her face from ear to chin, lost itself in the shadows of black lace falling from dark hair that was not quite black. She spoke as if the words clung to her lips, as if she had to put them forth delicately for fear of damaging the frail things. She raised her long hand to a white flower that clung above her ear like the pen of a clerk and disappeared. Ramon hurried with a stiffness of immense respect toward the ancient grandee. The door swung to.

white and the great red oil jars loomed in the dim light filtering through the jausies out of the blinding sunlight of Jamaica. A moment after the door opened once more and a young man came out to me black eyes aglow in an absolute pallor of

well, that is my yesterday of romance, tween those times and now have become dim or have gone out of my mind. And my day before yesterday was the day on which I, at twenty-two, stood looking at myself in the tall glass, the day on which I left my home in Kent and went, as chance willed it, out to sea with Carlos Riego.

That day my cousin Rooksby had beome engaged to my sister veronica, and I had a fit of jealous misery. I was rawboned, with fair hair, I had a good skin, tanned by the weather, good teeth and brown eyes. I had not had a very happy life, and I had lived shut in on myself, thinking of the wide world beyond my reach, that seemed to hold out infinite possibilities of romance, of adventure, of love, perhaps, and stores of gold. In the famwho had ruined himself again and again. He had been an inventor, a projector, and my mother had been a poor beauty, brought up on the farm we still lived onlast rag of land that had remained to father. Then she had married a good her father. Then she had married a good man in his way; a good enough catch, moderately well off, very amiable, easily influenced, a dilettante, and a bit of a dreamer, too. He had taken her into the swim of the regency, and his purse had not had insisted upon a return to our farm, which had been her dowry. The alternative would have been a shabby, ignominous life

inscribing "ideas" every now and then in a pocket book. I think he was writing an epic poem, and I think he was happy in an ineffectual way. He had thin red hair, unfor want of a valet, a shining, deli-hooked nose, narrow-lidded blue ture of a white-heart cherry. He used to spend his days in a hooded chair. My mother managed everything, leading an outof-door life which gave her face the color of a wrinkled pippin. It was the face of a man mother, tight-lipped, brown-eyed,

I had my aspirations, I had a rather bitter And I had others to contrast coning down that night, as we knew well myself with. First there was Rooksby, a pleasant, well-spoken, amiable young squire of the immediate neighborhood; young Sir Ralph, a man popular with all sorts and in love with my sister Veronica from early days. Veronica was very beautiful and gentle and very kind, tall, slim, with sloping white shoulders and long white arms, hair the color of amber and startled blue eyes—a good mate for Rooksby.

contrast coming down that night, as we knew well contrast to the marsh: It had cost Ralph a pretty penny; but, once in the hands of the smugglers, his cousin and Castro would be safe enough from the runners; it would have needed a troop of horse to take them. A boat was to take them out into the bay, where an outward-bound West Indiaman would pick them up. Finally Ralph settled it: and I embarked a good mate for Rooksby.

che from whom he inherited the priory had married a Riego, a Castilian during the peninsular war. He had died in Spain, I think. When Ralph made the grand tour he had made the acquaintance of his Spanish relations; he used to talk about them, the copse that was like a tuft of hair on the Riegos, and Veronica used to talk of the brow of the great white quarry. I made what he said of them until they came to stand for romance to me. One day, a little before Ralph and Veronica became engaged, these Spaniards descended out of the blue. It was romance suddenly dangled right before my eyes. It was romance; you have

Ralph as much in the shade as Ralph himself set me; and Carlos had seen a deal more of the world than Ralph. He brought with him a short, pursy, bearded compan-ion, half friend, half servant, who said he ion, half friend, half servant, who said he had served in Napoleon's Spanish contin-gent and had a way of striking his breast

with a wooden hand (his arm had suffered in a cavalry charge) and exclaiming, "I, Tomas Castro! " " He was an An-

ness overcome, I adored Carlos, and Veron-ica liked him, and laughed at him, till one day he said good-bye and rode off along the London road, followed by his Tomas Castro. I had an intense longing to go with him out into the great world that broaded all round our footbills ooded all round our foothills.

accepted—by my mother. Veronica went about looking happy. That upset me, too. It seemed unjust that she would go out into the great world—to Bath, to Brighton, should see the prince regent and the great fights on Hounslow Heath—while I was to remain forever a farmer's boy. That is confused noise of voices. The moon began to remain forever a farmer's boy. That afternoon I was upstairs, looking at the

reflection of myself in the tall glass, won-dering miserably why I seemed to be such an oaf.

The voice of Rooksby hailed me sud-denly downstairs. "Hey, John-John Kemp; come down, I say!"

He wanted to talk to me, he said, and

I followed him out to the soft road that climbs the hills to westward. The evening was falling slowly and mournfully; it was dark already in the folds of the somber downs.

somber downs.

"I know what you've got to tell me," I said. "You're going to marry Veronica. Well, you've no need of my ble ssing. Some people have all the luck.

"Confound it," I continued, "I shall run away to sea! I say, Ralph, give me Carlos' direction. I'll go after him. Carlos is the only soul I know outside five miles from here. He's friends in the Indies. That's where I want to go, and he could give me

clocked and muffled to the ears, trotted warfly toward as.

"What's up?" he hailed from a matter of ten yards. "What are you showing that glim for? Anything wrong below?"

The runners kept silence; we heard the click of a pistol lock.

"In the king's name," Lillywhite shouted, "get off that nag and lend a hand! We've a prisoner."

"get off that mag and lend a hand! We've a prisoner."

The horseman gave an incredulous whistle, and then began to shout, his voice, winding mournfully uphill, "Hallo! Hallo—o—o." An echo stole back, "Hallo! Hallo—o—o." then a number of voices. The horse stood, drooping his head, and the man turned in his saddle. "Runners," he shouted, "Bow street runners! Come along, come along, boys! We'll roast "em. • • • Runners! Runners"

The sound of heavy horses at a jolting trot came to our ears.

The sound of heavy norses at a joining trot came to our ears.

"We're in for it," Lillywhite grunted.

"D—n this county of Kent."

Thoms never loosed his hold of my collar. At the steep of the hill the men and horses came into sight against the white sky, a confused crowd of ominous things.

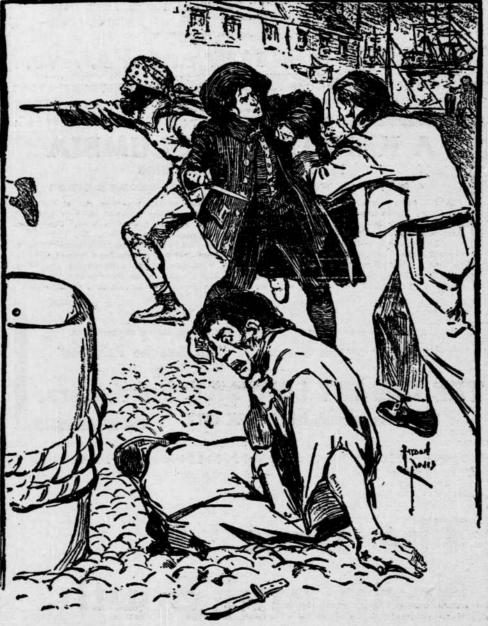
"Turn that lanthorn off" me." the horsesky, a confused crowd of ominous things.
"Turn that ianthorn off'n me," the horseman said. "Don't you see you frighten my horse? Now, boys, get round them.

The great horses formed an irregular half-circle-round us; men descended clumsily, like sacks of corn. The lanthorn was seized and flashed upon us; there was a confused hubbub. I caught my own name.
"Yes. I'm Kemp • • John Kemp," 1 called. "I'm true blue."

The horseman rode up to me and caught

The horseman rode up to me and caught me by the collar. me by the collar.

"Hold your tongue," he said roughly. He began to make a set speech, anathematizing runners. He moved to tie our feet and hang us by our finger nails over the quarry



THERE HAD EVIDENTLY BEEN SOME PLAY WITH KNIVES.

a cast. You remember what Thomas Castro said. Rooksby came to a sudden halt, and be-"Curse Carlos, and his Castro, too. hey'll have me in jail betwixt them. They're both in my red barn, if you want their direction. • • •"

He hurried on suddenly up the hill, leaving me gazing upward at him. When I caught him up he was swearing—as one did in those days—and stamping his foot in the middle of the road "I tell you," he said violently, "it's the

most accursed business! That Castro, with his Cuba, is nothing but a blasted buccaneer • • and Carlos is no better. They go to Liverpool for a passage to Jamaica, and see what comes of it!"

It seems that on Liverpool docks, in the owl-light, they fell in with an elderly hunks just returned from West Indies, who asks the time at the door of a shipping agent. Castro pulls out a watch, and the old fellow jumps on it, vows it's his own, taken from him years before by some pica-roons on his outward voyage. Out from the agent's comes another, and swears that Castro is one of the self-same crew. He

ners in full cry after them.

"Think of it," Rooksby said, "and me a justice, and " Oh, it drives me wild, this hole-and-corner work! There's a filthy muddle with the Free Traders—a whistle at Calais, in the shadow of Brummel and of all nights, and me a justice

among the ropes and bales—there had evidently been some play with knives, and it

as good as a married man!"

I looked at him wonderingly in the dusk his high coat collar almost hid his face, and his hat was pressed down over his eyes. The thing seemed incredible to me. Here was an adventure, and I was shocked to see that Rooksby was in a pitiable state about it.

He seemed ready to tear his hair, and then I put in my say. He needed a little persuasion, though, in spite of Veronica. I should have to meet Carlos Riego and Castro in a little firwood above the quarry, in half an hour's time. All I had to d was to whistle three bars of "Lillibullero, as a signal. A connection had been al-ready arranged with the Free Traders on the road beside the quarry, and they were coming down that night, as we knew well

Finally Ralph settled it; and I embarked

on a long adventure.

Between moonrise and sunset I was stumbling through the bracken of the little copse that was like a tuft of hair on to the circuit of the copse, whistling softly my three bars of "Lillibullero." Then I plunged into !t.

My pulse was dancing with delight-my heart, too. It was like a game of hideand-seek, and yet it was life at last. I moved forward again, getting back toward the road. I thought I caught the outlines of a man's hat down among the

tossing lines of the bracken. I whispered

loudly: "Carlos! Carlos!"

A shaft of blazing yellow light darted from the level of the ground into my dazed eyes. A man sprang at me and thrust something cold and knobby into my neckcloth. The light continued to blaze into my eyes; it moved upward and shone on a red waistcoat dashed with gilt buttons. I was being arrested. . . "In the King's

windpipe.
"Don't you so much as speak, Mr. Castro," a voice whispered in my ear.
The lanthorn light suddenly died out, and I heard whispers.
"Get him out on the road. " "I'll tackle the other. " " Darbies. " "

suddenly. "Now, lads, bring 'em along."

A voice I knew said their watchword. 'Snuff and enough," loudly, and then, What's agate?' Some one else answered, "It's Rooksby.

The voice interrupted sharply, "No names, now. I don't want hanging." The hand left my arm; there was a pause in the motion of the procession. I caught a moment's sound of whispering. Then a new voice cried, "Strip the runners to the shirt. Strip 'em. That's it." I heard some groans and a cry, "You won't murder us."
Then a nasal drawl. "We will surely."
Someone else, Rangsley, I think, called.
"Bring 'em along—this way now."

After a period of turmoll we seemed to come out of the crowd upon a very rough, descending path; Rangsley had called out, 'Now, then, the rest of you be off; we've got enough here;" and the hoofs of heavy horses sounded again. Then we came to a halt, and Rangsley called sharply from

close to me: "Now, you runners—and you, John Kemp here you be on the brink of eternity above the old quarry. There's a sheer drop of a hundred feet. We'll tie your legs and hang you by your fingers. If you hang long enough, you'll have time to say your prayers. Look alive, lads!"

I heard groans and curses, and began to shout for help. My voice came back in an echo, despairingly. Suddenly I was dragged backward, and the bandage pulled

from my eyes. gently enough to the road, which was five steps behind. "It's all a joke," he snarled. A pretty bad one for those catchpolls. We made a few paces down the road: the pitiful voices of the runners crying for help came plainly to my ears.

"No, no," he answered. "Can't afford to. Wish we could; but they'd make it hot for We began to descend the hill. From the

"You-they-aren't murdering them?" I

There was a grunt and the sound of a

ciously. "Come along—they've only rolled down a bank. They weren't over the quarry. It's all right, I swear it is."

Jack Rangsley was a tall, big-boned, thin man, with something sinister in the lines of his horseman's cloak, and something reckless in the way he set his spurred heel on the ground. He was the son of an old

Marsh squire. "You'll have to cut the country, John," he added suddenly. "They'll have got your name uncommon pat. I did my best for you." He had had me tied up like that before the runners' eyes in order to take their cions off me. He had made a preto murder me with the same idea. But he didn't believe they were taken in.
"There'll be warrants out before morning, if they ain't too shaken. But what were you doing in the business? The two Spaniards were lying in the fern looking on when you come blundering your clumsy nose in. If it hadn't been for Rooksby you might have—Hullo, there!" he broke off.

might have— Hullo, there!" he broke off.

An answer came from the black shadow of a clump of roadside elms. I made out the forms of three or four horses standing with their heads together.

"Come along," Rangsley said, "up with you. We'll talk as we go."

Some one helped me into the saddle; my legs trembled in the stirrups as if I had ridden a thousand miles on end already. I imagine I must have fallen into a stupor, for I have only a vague impression of somebody's exculpating himself to me.

Ralph, after having egged me on, in the

Ralph, after having egged me on, in the intention of staying at home had had quaims of conscience, and had come to the quarry. It was he who had cried the watchword, "Snuff and enough," and who had held the whispered consultation. Carlos and Castro had waited in their hiding place, having hear spectators of the arrival of the

little."

"For God's sake hold you tongue!" Ralph answered him. "There's mischief enough. He shall go to France."

I begged and implored him; it seemed that now there was a chance for me to find my world of romance. And Ralph did his best for me; he borrowed a good number of guineas from Rangeley, who traveled with a bag of them at his saddle-bow, ready to pay his men their seven shillings a head for the run.

Ralph remembered, too—or I remembered for him—that he had estates and an agent in Jamaica, and he turned into the big inn at the function of the London road to write a letter to his agent bidding him house me and employ me as an imprever.

an improver.
"Oh, it's all right," I said. "It's fine—
it's fine. I'd have given fifty guineas for
this chance this morning—and Ralph, I
say, you may tell Veronica why I'm going, but keep a shut mouth to my mother.
Let her think I've run away—eh? Don't spoil your chance."

He was in such a state of repentance and flutter that he could not let me take

Rangsley was waiting to conduct us into the town, where we should find a man to take us three fugitives out to the expected ship. We rode clattering aggressively through the silence of the long parow main state. long, narow main street. Every now and then Carlos Riego coughed lamentably, but Tomas Castro rode in gloomy silence. On the blind of an inn the shadow of a bearded man held the shadow of a rum-

decent farewell.

mer to its mouth. mer to its mouth.

"That'll be my uncle," Rangsley said.

"He'll be the man to do your errand." He called to one of the men behind. "Here, Joe Pilcher, do you go into the White Hart and drag my Uncle Tom out. Bring in up to me.'

A grunt came in reply. Rangsley repeated slowly. The grunt answered again.

The grunt answered again.

"Here's three men to be set aboard the Thames at a quarter after eleven."

Rangsley said again.

"Here's • • • a cop • • three men to be set aboard Thames at quarter after eleven," a voice hiccoughed back to us.

"Well, see you do it," Rangsley said.
"He's as drunk as a king." he commented to us; "but when you've said a thing three times, he remembers—bark to him."

imes, he remembers—hark to him."
We went across the silent street, through a narrow passage, and down to the sea.
Old Rangsley reeled ahead of us swiftly,
muttering, "Three men to be set aboard of
the Thames \* \* quarter past eleven.
Three men to be set aboard \* \* " and in a few minutes we stood upon the shingle beside the idle sea, that was nearly at the full.

It was, I suppose, what I demanded of Fate—to be gently wafted into the position of a hero of romance, without rough hands at my throat. It is what we all ask, I suppose; and we get it sometimes in ten-minute snatches. I didn't know where I was going. It was enough for me to sail in and out of the patches of shadow that fell from the moon right above our heads.

We embarked, and, as we drew further out, the land turned to a shadow, spotted here and there with little lights. Behind nere and there with little lights. Behind us a cock crowed. The shingle crashed at intervals beneath the feet of a large body of men. I remembered the smugglers; but it was as if I had remembered them only to forget them forever. Old Rangsley, who steered with the sheet in his hand, kept up an unintelligible babble. Carlos and Castro talked under their breaths.

And then old Rangsley hove to, to wait for the ship, and sat half asleep, lurching over the tiller. He was a very unreliable scoundred. The boat leaked like a sleve. The wind freshened, and we three began to ask ourselves how it was going to end. There were no lights upon the sea.

At last, well out, a blue gleam caught ou

helpless, and it fell to me to manage the boat. Carlos was of no use—he knew it, and, without saying a word, busied himself in bailing the water out. But Castro. I was surprised to notice, knew more than I did about a boat, and, maimed as he was, made

Carlos said at one point, very quietly. "I am sorry for you, Juan."

Castro had hauled the helpless form of old Rangsley forward. I caught him mut-

tering savagely:
"I could kill that old man!" Further out in the bay we were caught in a heavy squall. Sitting by the tiller, I got as much out of her as I knew how We would go as far as we could before the run was over. Carlos bailed unceasingly, and without a word of complaint.

Castro, standing up unsteadily, growled, 'We may do it yet!' See, senor!" The blue gleam was much larger—it flared smokily right up toward the sky. I made out ghostly parallelograms of a ship's sa'ls high above us, and at last many faces peering unseeingly over the rail in our direction We all shouted together.

I may say that it was thanks to me that we reached the ship. Our boat went down under us whilst I was tying a rope under Carlos' arms. He was standing up with the bailer sill in his hand. On board, the women passengers were screaming, and as I clung desperately to the rope that was thrown me, it struck me oddly that I had never before heard so many women's voices at the same time. Afterward, when I stood on the deck, they began laughing at old Rangsley, who held forth in a thunderous

Rangsley, who held forth in a thunderous voice, punctuated by hiccoughs:
"They carried I aboord—a-cop—theer lugger and sinks I in the cold, co—old sea."
After I had made it clear that I wanted to go with Carlos, and could pay for my passage, I was handed down into the steerage, where a tallow candle burnt in a thick, blue atmosphere. I was stripped and filled with some flery liquid, and fell asleep. Old Rangsley was sent ashore with the pilot.

Rangsley was sent ashore with the pilot.

It was a new and strange life to me, opening there suddenly enough.

Looking at my companions at times, I had vague misgivings. It was as if these two had fascinated me to the verge of some danger. Sometimes Castro, looking up, uttered vague ejaculations. Carlos pushed his hat back and sighed. They had preoc-

cupations, cares, interests in which they let me have no part. Castro struck me as absolutely rufflanly. His head was knotted in a red, white-spot-ted handkerchief; his grizzled beard was tangled; he wore a black and rusty cloak, ragged at the edges, and his feet were often bare; at his side would lie his wooden right hand. As a rule, the place of his forearm was taken by a long, thin, steel

blade, that he was forever sharpening.
Carlos had made Spain too hot to hold him in those tortuous intrigues of the Army of the Faith and Bourbon troops and Italian legions. From what I could understand, he must have played fast and loose in an intercept manner. insolent manner. And there was some wo-man offended. There was a gayness and gallantry in that part of it. He had known the very spirit of romance, and now he was sailing gallantly out to take up his inher-

itance from an uncle who was a great noble, owning the greater part of one of the intendencias of Cuba. "He is a very old man, I hear," Carlos said—"a little doting, and having need of

said—"a little doting, and having need of me."

It had come as a godsend to him when his uncle had sent Tomas Castro to bring him to Cuba, to the town of Rio Medio.

"The town belongs to my uncle. He is very rich—a Grand d'Espagne \* \* everything; but he is now very old, and has left Havana to die in his place in his own town. He has an only daugher, a Dona Seraphina, and I suppose that if I find favor in his eyes I shall marry her and inherit my uncle's great riches; I am the only one that is left of the family to inherit." He waved his hand and smiled a little. "Vaya; a little of that great wealth would be welcome. If I had had a few pence more there would not have been in this dirty ship in these rags." He looked down good-humoredly at his clothes.

"It doesn't matter," I said cheerfully.
"Ah, but," Rooksby said, "you'll have to leave the country for a time. Until I mean; one must not speak too loudly on this ship. There is a man called O'Brien, and arrange. I will. You can trust me."
"Oh, he'll have to leave the country, for man, sure," Rangsley said jovially, "If he wants some villainy that is no affair of mine. He

to live it down. There's hyperand-forty warrants out against me-but they dursent
serve 'm. But he's not me!"

"Let him come with us," the musical
voice of Carlos came through the mist in
front of us. "He shall see the world a
little."

"For God's sake hold yogytongue!" Ralph
answered him. "There's mischief enough.
He shall go to France."

I begged and implored him; it seemed
that now there was a chance for me to
find my world of romance. And Ralph did
his best for me; he borrowed a good friend and a faithful dependent
of my family's. He certainly had that
man's watch—the man we met by evil
chance at Liverpool, a man who came
from Jamaica. He had bought it—of a bed
man, perhaps. I do not ask. It was Castro
your police wished to take But I, bon
Dieu, do you think I would take watches?"
I certainly did not think he had taken a
watch—the man we met by evil
chance at Liverpool, a man who came
from Jamaica. He had bought it—of a bed
man, perhaps. I do not ask. It was Castro
your police wished to take But I, bon
Dieu, do you think I would take watches?"
I certainly did not relinquish the idea
that he, in a glamorous, romantic way, had
been a pirate. Rooksby had certainly hinted
as much in his irritation.

(To be continued.)

What Mayor Harrison Has to Say About Them.

AND CAPITAL LABOR

PAINTED.

CITY IS NOT AS BLACK AS IT IS

Value of Trade Unions-A Mixed Population-Municipal Ownership-The Presidency.

(Copyright, 1904, by Frank G. Carpenter.) pecial Correspondence of The Evening Star.

CHICAGO. It is an odd thing that one family should carry a big democratic city like this in its nside pocket. It is fifty-seven years since Chicago was incorporated, and more than one-fourth of that time it has been ruled by the Harrisons. Some of its most turbulent days were passed under Carter H. Harrison, the elder, and for the past seven years it has thriven under the iron hand of Carter H. Harrison, the younger. It is thriving under his administration today, growing bigger, broader and richer, notwithstanding its strikes, its communities of socialists and anarchists and its holo-

causts of fire.

I like these Harrisons. They have an honest ring to them when you fling them down on the counter of municipal and national politics. They all come from the same stock. Carter Harrison's great, great, great grandfather was the father of Benjamin Harrison who signed the Declaration of Independence, and whose son, William H. Harrison, was the ninth President of

Young Carter's great-grandfather was the first cousin of John C. Breckinridge and also of President Ben. Harrison; and his own father was a statesman of radical ideas and no aversion to using the machinery of politics to carry them out.

The Mayor of Chicago.

The present mayor of Chicago is a chip of the old block. He is a politician, but at the same time is conservative, practical and safe. He is a friend of the working man, but is ready to enforce the laws when the business interests are attacked; and as such he today forms a part of the grist which is being here ground out between the upper and nether mill stones of capital and labor. Indeed, it may be because the grinding is so hard that he is tired of the job. At least he tells me that he is so and wants to retire. The governing of Chicago is no small matter and its worries have begun to sprinkle the mayor's hair with gray. is no goody-goody Sunday school town, and its two million people need careful supervision. The city covers a vast area.

does the thinking and acting, and it who gets the blame.

The reason of my call was to ask about the labor situation. I began with: "Mr. Mayor, why is Chicago the strike center of the United States? There are more labor troubles here than in any other place in

the country?" "One reason," said Mayor Harrison, "is that we do more business than any other place, and also that our business is more diversified. Chicago is perhaps the manu-facturing center of the United States. It has great factories and factories of al-most every kind. Pittsburg, for instance, leads the country in iron making, but we have the Illinois Steel Company here, which is one of the largest in the world. We do more packing than any other city, and we have car works, furniture works, and, in fact, almost every kind of works. The result is that if there is a strike in any branch of business the Chicago branch of that business strikes in sympathy. This gives us a variety of strikes, which are magnified by some of the newspapers, whose sensational reports are telegraphed

all over the country. Picketing the Dead.

"Then Chicago is not as bad as it is painted?" said I. "No. it is not," replied Mayor Harrison "It is not an angel city, but it is far from being the devil city that some people who have never been here think it to be. On the whole it is about as good a city as any in the country and just about as full of

in the country and just about as full of Christian charity, common decency, good order and brotherly love."

"But you certainly have many violent laboring men, Mr. Mayor. How about this stopping funerals and stationing pickets about the houses of the dead to keep non-union men from aiding in their interment."

"Most of those stories are lies," said Mayor Harrison. "The union drivers did not refuse to drive hearses, as has been alleged. They would not drive the carriages, but it was the liverymen who held back the hearses, saying they would not let them go out unless the carriages went, too. All such statements were exaggerations. As to picketing the dead, as soon as I heard there was any danger of tions. As to picketing the dead, as soon as I heard there was any danger of such a thing I ordered the police to see that no stragglers or persons with evil intent were allowed to linger about within two blocks of any house in which there was a death or within that distance of a church where a funeral ceremony was being held. "And then," continued the mayor, "why single out Chicago for the sole condemnation of the public when other cities have been equally guilty as to strikes in respect to funerals! The same was the case in St. Louis; but so far Chicago has received all the opprobrium and St. Louis is hardly mentioned."

The Non-Unionists in Chicago. "How does your labor compare with that of other cities as to peace and quiet-

ness?" "It is just about the same," said Mayor Harrison. If we have more strikes it is only because we have more men and more business."
"How about the non-union man; has he

any chance for work in Chicago?"
"Yes. We have a large number of tablishments which employ non-union men only, and many which employ both unionists and non-unionists. The nonunion worker not only gets a job here, but he is protected in it, all statements to the contrary notwithstanding."
"Could a non-union factory be started in Chleago with any hope of success?"
"Yes, if that success depended solely on the use of non-union workmen. Its men would not be molested and it would have

"Do you think, Mr. Harrison, that trade

workmen of Chicago?" "Yes, I do," replied the mayor. "I think

said the young mayor. "The unions discialm all responsibility for acts of violence. I will say, however, that we can hold and do hold every hot-head among the strikers in check, and that we propose to do so if it requires the whole police force of the city. In our last great rallway strike the leaders of the unions came to me before the strike was declared and said that it would be run on peaceful methods. Nevertheless. I soon found that certain hot-heads were attacking the cars and trying to prevent their moving.

I soon found that certain hot-heads were attacking the cars and trying to prevent their moving.

"I then called out the police force. I put a certain number of officers in citizens' clothes in each car, and they went with such passengers or non-union men as rode on the cars to their homes to insure their protection. The property owners, the public and the non-union workmen certainly had the protection of the city in that strike. It was the same in the Kellogg Switch-board Company strike, where we prohibited any outside teams coming within a certain distance of the factory."

"But do not the courts here discriminate in favor of the trades unions?"

"The trades unionists are always claiming that the contrary is the fact," said the mayor. "No, I don't think so. We have a bad system of punishments here, allowing the judges to give indeterminate sentences—that is, they send a man to prison for a term based upon good behavior, and this opens up chances for influence, or pull as it is called, to aid in his release. That, however, is an evil of the law and not of the executive.

Need the Golden Rule.

"One of the great troubles in these conflicts of labor and capital," Mr. Harrison went on, "is that both laborer and capitallst are too often illiberal, brutal or, to say the least, too inconsiderate of the rights of the other. I wish I could show you the letters I get from both sides. I have some from the men denouncing their employers; and I have some from the employers advising me to quell strikes by means of Gatling guns, rifles and cold steel. Some of them ask me to have the police fire at the mob and shoot to kill. Such men are worse than the worst of the strikers. It does me good to write them Esterbrook's Steel Pens

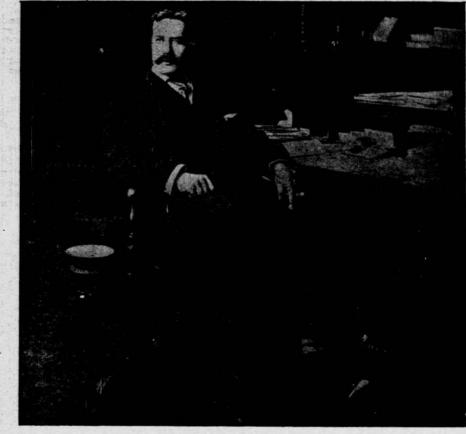
velt will lead the republican party." "But I mean the democratic candidate.
Who will lead your party?"
"I can't say," was the reply.
"Will you?"
"No," said Mayor Harrison. "I have no

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such ambition. I am not chasing rainbows and that dream has not entered my head. We have a Congressman, J. R. Williams, who will probably be the candidate of Illinois. As for me, I am not anxious for anything but to do my work here and to retire at the end of this term. The chief thing that troubles me now is to get enough money to run the city."

"How much do you want?"
"We want a lot more than we can get, but our charter and the state laws are such that we cannot get what we ought to have. We need just now about fourteen million dollars for the city alone." "That is not a great amount for Chicago."



MAYOR CARTER HARRISON.

what I think of them. No," concluded the said I. "It takes more than ninety million mayor, "what we need is more consideradollars a year to run New York." It has 4.000 miles of streets, 2.000 miles tion on both sides. We want more broth-of sewers and it costs about \$32.000,000 a erly love. We want the Golden Rule." Mayor Harrison.

year to pay its running expenses. The "But, Mr. May mayor has 12,000 employes under him, and growing better?" "But, Mr. Mayor, is the situation not it well." there are also the city council and subordinate officers, but it is Carter Harrison who unions are becoming more conservative and the demands of the workingmen after all are only business propositions, based on the sale of their commodities, that is, the muscle and skill which they have to put into the product; and that the matter should be

treated as a business one. How Long Men Work in Chicago. "You spoke of the unions shortening hours, Mr. Harrison, "What is the common

working day in Chicago?" "It is the eight hour day," was the reply. "But can a big city like this be run on an

eight hour basis?" "We are running it so. All government jobs are given out on that basis."

"I see it stated that your labor troubles are driving capital out of Chicago?" "I don't believe it," replied the mayor. Our factories are increasing in size and many new ones are going up. We are in a

healthy financial condition and our business is growing every year."
"What is your population now?" I asked. "It is more than 2,000,000." was the reply. "The federal census gives us less, but the postal census and the directory census give us more. We have also an estimate based on the number of school children which makes our population considerably in excess of 2.000,000. The federal census is paid for by the number of names and in a population containing as many foreigners as Chicago, the enumerators have probably

skipped some because they would not take the trouble to verify their statements."

I here asked Mayor Harrison several questions as to order in Chicago with a view to learning something of the wicked-

ness of the city. He said: "I do not think Chicago is any worse than any other city of the United States. It is a good fair average, and its people will grade up with those of any other locality. One reason for the bad reputation which the city has in some quarters comes from their non-appreciation of our bigness. We have now over two million people. If a city of two hundred thou-sand has two assaults in a given time it attracts no attention, but if Chicago, which has two millions, has twenty assaults they that this number is only proportionately the same as that of the two-hundred-thou-

about forty-two years, and have been trav-eling through all parts of it at all hours of the day and night. I never carry a gun and have never thought that I needed one. A man's property, life and person are as safe here as in any part of the United

A Vast Floating Population

"that might make Chicago more lively than other cities. This is its vast floating population. We are so situated that we have tens of thousands of men for the winter. We are right on the lake, and a large part of the vast army of lake workers come here at the close of navigation to spend here at the close of navigation to spend what they have earned during the rest of the year. We have thousands of railroad workers, including Italians, Greeks and others who labor in the spring, summer and fall on the various trunk lines, going as far west as the Rockles, and we have the men who work on the farms in the summer. The result is that we have many men who are half idle during the winte and such men are always hard to control "What do you think, Mr. Mayor," sai "about the city ownership of great pu utilities, such as the street cars and light plants?"

I think that all such matters should be very carefully studied, and that nothing should be done until the city shows that it has the capacity to marge them. I think the day will come when Chicago will own such things. As it is, we are now putting a clause in all our new charters giving the city the option of taking over the plant after a certain number of years."

tics, Mr. Harrison," said I. "Do you think the democratic party has a fighting chance

have by no means a sure thing, and I be-lieve that they are losing ground today in the state-of Illinois."

FRANK G. CARPENTER. My Task.

smile when evening falls. To do my best from dawn of day till night. To keep my heart fit for His boly sight,

And answer when He calls.

—MAUDE LOUISE RAY.





